

Uncle Sam to Pay His Interest in Advance.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 10.—The Secretary of the Treasury to-day issued the following circular in regard to the payment of interest on the public debt: By virtue of the authority conferred upon the Secretary of the Treasury, notice is hereby given that the interest due December 1, 1886, on United States coupon bonds of the funded loan of 1891, will be paid without rebate on the presentation of the proper coupons at the Treasury in Washington, D. C., and at the various subtreasuries. Checks for registered interest on that loan will be forwarded to holders as soon as prepared and may be presented for payment without rebate on or about the 20th inst.

Coupons of the four per cent. bonds of 1897, falling due January 1, 1887, will be paid on presentation before maturity, upon a rebate of interest at the rate of three per cent. per annum. Interest on registered stock of that loan will also be paid on and after December 1, 1886, upon receipt from the treasurer of the United States of an application, accompanied by the power of attorney authorizing that officer to collect the interest for the quarter ending December 31, 1886, and to retain the proportionate amount of rebate, remitting the balance to the applicant.

Treasurer Jordan said this afternoon that the effect of the offer to repay interest on the public debt would be to distribute almost immediately about \$100,000,000 among about 2,000 banks and individuals in every section of the country and would be of great advantage to the moving crops and other branches of business. The Secretary's action, said he, was entirely for the benefit of business interests.

Those who believe that nature will work off a cough or cold should understand that this is done at the expense of the constitution. Each time this weakens the system, and we all know that the termination of this dangerous practice is a consumptive's grave. Don't take the chances, when a fifty-cent bottle of Dr. Bigelow's Positive Cure will safely and promptly cure any recent cough, cold or throat or lung trouble. Buy the dollar bottle for chronic cases or family use. Sold by J. C. Saur.

Politics is queer business, and one in which the student must be thoroughly schooled before he can hope to reach a degree of even ordinary success. Men are not born politicians any more than they are born lawyers and merchants. The successful manipulator of political wires must be possessed of an assurance monumental in its extent and a ready comprehensiveness that is never deficient in expedients and is equal to any emergency. This assurance can be, and often is, made to do duty, for knowledge. He must cultivate the quality of mind and action that give him an appearance of easy readiness upon all occasions; he must be equally at home in the drawing-room of the wealthy and before the bar of the lowest dive; he must be prepared at all times to sacrifice his judgment and regard for the truth to the interest of his party, and boast of assured victory where success is impossible. These traits have apparently been well cultivated by the political leaders of Ohio, and the consequence is the public press is burdened with statements that are not alone devoid of truth, but even of probability. Candidates and other leaders of the opposition are vilified and traduced without shame or mercy; words are placed in their mouths which they would scorn to utter, and they are charged with actions and motives that would consign them to prison if proved. One of the prominent characteristics of the politician is the readiness with which he will claim confidence in the results of an election when he has no information that by the utmost strain could be accepted as a basis. The readers of the newspapers and the audience being harangued by the average stump orator are regaled daily by assertions of undoubted success that in other cooler moments would appear ridiculous even to the author, and which develop comical absurdity when filtered through the analytical brain of the unprejudiced politician. Political victories are never won until the votes are counted, and the time and space devoted to attempts to deceive the people with false assurances is worse than wasted, for the reason that, when the result does not sustain the predictions, the author is placed in a ridiculous light. "He laughs best who laughs last" is an aphorism as applicable to politics as to other things. The Ohio politician, as a rule, is not to be envied. His bed in this world is not one of roses, and in the next he can not hope to wear a crown of celestial glory unless the recording angel is sadly remiss in his duties.—*Ere.*

The French people are trying to rid themselves of the last vestiges of royalty and imperialism. The Government not only has expelled the Princes but has approved the sale of all the Crown jewels that are not of artistic value, worth it is estimated, \$2,500,000. Versailles and the other vacant palaces are to be maintained no longer as the vacant habitations of the Kings and Emperors of France, but are to be put to practical uses under the Secretary of State for Education. The latter laid before the Budget Committee last week his plans for adapting the palaces of Versailles and the Trianon branches of the Louvre for the display of pictures; the smaller rooms of Fontainebleau as a receptacle for the surplusage of the National Library; Pau as a museum for Southern France, and Compiegne as a manufactory for tapestries.

Our watery-eyed morning contemporary, which must have something to whisper about, now wrings its hands because President Cleveland's little address at Harvard was not equal to the immortal oration of the lamented Lincoln on the field of Gettysburg. Alas! Alas! Yet we question if, in point of perspicuity, it was not equal to anything uttered there. It had, it is true, no classic chestnuts to set it off, as did the oration of him who is shortly to marry a fair-fair-and-forty English dowager; nor was it quite as too-too as the address of Holmes' son; but his remarks were simple, sensible and perfectly clear, and that, we think, was enough. Many who pose as orators do much worse.—*Columbus Dispatch.*

"Her features are not regular, yet what an attractive face she has! It is her beautiful hair. Once it was thin, grayish and fading. A few bottles of Parkers Hair Balsam wrought the transformation. It will do as much for anybody."

A Wandering Bug.

Dr. S.—, a very well-known local physician, was busy yesterday in a wild chase after some kind of a bug expert. Tucked away in his vest pocket was a vial loaded with alcohol, in which floated a queer sort of insect, and to discover the nature and genus of the thing was the object of his quest. Inspection through the colored glass and surrounding liquid showed the captive up as a bug foreign to the vision of the beholder, and a very queer sort of an affair generally. In general appearance and in point of size it was a cross between a shrimp and a scorpion, with the business-like tail of the latter, and the pink color that the shrimp assumes after being boiled to fit him for being a Californian's appetizer for oysters. The legs were six in number, each possessing two knees, and built on the plan of the powerful kickers of the grasshoppers. There were no eyes visible on close scrutiny, and it was intended for its dark, unwelcome home. The tail, as above stated, did not have the fans of the shrimp, ended in a point after the manner of the scorpion's arched and dagger-like appendage. It ends the jointed body in the same manner that the shrimp's tail does, but, of course, does not spread out at the terminus.

"Where did you get it?" asked the reporter.

"I think I had better take it to the Academy of Sciences," irrelevantly returned Dr. S.—, as he thoughtfully gazed at the vial; perhaps some of the savants there could classify it; I can't, and don't seem to be able to find any scientist who can. They all shift the burden of research on some other branch of natural science."

"I asked you where you got it?" put in the reporter.

"Well, sir," returned the medico impressively, "it came from the stomach of a young lady, who has been my patient, with a view to getting rid of it, for the past fortnight. Yesterday this thing surrendered, after the manner of Jonah and came forth alive and kicking. It died, however, soon after reaching the open air. The young lady is well and happy, and now all I want to do is to discover the intruder's identity."

The reporter roused up with professional instinct, and commenced to ask questions. He met with extremely frigid answers, and all attempts to gain any detailed information were unsuccessful until he faithfully promised to withhold the names of himself and the lady who formed the prison of the bug. The latter, he said, was well known in society here, and distinguished both by her beauty of face and form and her brilliant conversational powers. She was in holy horror of her strange experience being made public, and it was with great difficulty that he rescued the bug from destruction at her hands. Finally the doctor secured permission to preserve the bug in the interests of science, but it was hard work.

"That's my bug," protested the beauty, tearfully, and with a shudder of disgust, "and if papa pays you for catching him, I have a right to do as I please with him."

When, however, her objections were finally overcome, she gave the doctor further permission to furnish notes of her symptoms with the bug, but it is doubtful if they will be much aid to the entomologist who attempts to classify it. The nondescript first made his presence known in her stomach about the middle of April, but how he got there, or what his intended business was, are mysteries to the unfortunate victim of his intrusion. He first declared himself by crawling about the walls of his prison, and as his six legs took their individual grip they inflicted a half painful and half tickling sensation that drove the young lady nearly wild, and frequently caused spasms of great violence. The creature used to take these exercise walks at most irregular intervals, sometimes as often as once a day, and again only once a week. As he grew bigger and stronger he evidently sought to try the strength of his scorpion tail, for his victim frequently experienced severe, agonizing stabs, like the puncture of a pin or needle, and at such times she not infrequently fainted from mingled pain and terror. Altogether she experienced thirty-three of the promenades and eighteen of the stabs, and her death was but a question of a short time from fright, if nothing else, when she fortunately fell into the hands of Dr. S.—.

Two other physicians had prescribed for the unfortunate woman, but they treated her as if her affliction was the ordinary brand of tapeworms, whereas the real trouble seemed to get fat on verminous and other curatives. How Dr. S.—retrieved the prover, or what means he took to raise him, he declined to state, but vouched for the fact that the bug was alive when he first got sight of it.

If possible the doctor hopes that the capture may turn out to be some sort of a cousin to the living long-hair but that was dug out of the internal structure of Mrs. Mary Powers of Cambridge, Mass., two or three weeks ago, and which still lives and puzzles all the scientific men who have visited it. The Boston *Globe's* description of this catch, made by Dr. Harris, with a strong emetic as bait, was published in Monday's *Atlas*, and is even stranger, if such a thing can be, than the case above detailed.

I had given myself up as lost because of inherited scrofula. Tried everything for purifying the blood without benefit until I used Parker's Tonic, and can truthfully say that it has cured me. I still use it for its splendid effect on my general health. H. K. Lynd, Chicago.

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FREDERICK ALLER,

Sheriff of Henry County, Ohio.

Tyler & Donnelly, attorneys for plaintiff.

Napoleon, O., Nov. 6, 1886.

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